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IN MEMORY OF  
JANE MARTHA FORSTER,  
WIDOW OF  
WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER,  
OF WHARFESIDE, BURLEY-IN-WHARFEDALE,  
WHO ENTERED INTO REST OCTOBER 21st, 1899,  
AGED 78 YEARS.

## HYMNS TO BE SUNG, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25th.

## HYMN 1.

Tune: Rockingham.

Come, tread once more the path with song,  
The way is short, the Rest is long ;  
The Lord hath given, He calls away ;  
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,  
Here joy and grief by turns she felt ;  
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,  
The sojourner returns no more !

Now of a lasting home possessed,  
She goes to seek a deeper rest ;  
Then open to us, gates of peace,  
And let the pilgrim's journey cease !

Now let the solemn bell begin ;  
It rings her Sabbath morning in ;  
The labourer's weekday work is done,  
The Rest, which Christ hath gained, begun.

O, Thou who reignest Lord alone,  
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own !  
Come quickly, Lord, and let us see  
Thy people perfected in Thee.

Amen.

## HYMN 2.

Let saints on earth in concert sing  
With those whose work is done ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In Heav'n and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home  
There pass some spirits blest ;  
While others to the margin come,  
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant guide ;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to Heav'n. Amen.

## HYMN 3.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

*Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made  
us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the  
Saints in light.*

COLOSSIANS I., 12.